

the last days by his angels, and that Joseph Smith was and is a prophet of the living God, and that the doctrines we teach are not of man but of God; and they will prove the savor of life to those who obey, and of death to those who reject them.

Therefore, as I said in the commencement of my remarks, a marvelous thing has occurred in the land! a wonderful work has made its appearance! The heavens no longer keep silent! prophecies again are heard among the people! the inspiration and power of the Holy Ghost rests upon the servants of God, and His power is made manifest among the various nations again, as in olden time, in healing the sick, causing the lame to walk, the blind to see, and the deaf to hear, and in pouring out His Spirit upon the children of men, as he did in former dispensations of the world!

Is not this, then, sufficient to wake up the honest-in-heart among the people? If it is not, then I know of nothing that is likely to do it. Will it be by the fulfillment of the prophecies, that have been spoken of by the former speakers? when the hand of judgment shall be laid upon the nations, and the fierceness of His wrath be made manifest, wasting away the disobedient and the wicked, and the earth becomes depopulated of all excepting the righteous? This will be a testimony that they cannot resist. But such testimony will not always be unto salvation. It will be the testimony of judgment that will overwhelm them, in a time, too, they think not of; a time when they will be crying all is peace and safety, lo! sudden destruction is at their door; and thus the Scriptural saying will be literally fulfilled, "As the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be," etc. When that unfortunate, but disobedient and wicked people, the Ante-diluvians, were sinking in the waters, they could then say, "I know that Noah is a prophet, and that the message he has declared in our ears for these many years is divine." But alas! it was too late; they rejected the message, paying heedless regard to it as well as to him who preached the gospel to them; they would not call upon God in all honesty of heart, but they considered Noah deceived; they obeyed not, and were destroyed by the mighty flood. Amen.

Correspondence.

The Fatal Accident in Sanpete.

EPHRAIM, June 24, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:

Eight persons of those who lost their lives by drowning in Funck's Lake, last Saturday, were buried here, to-day. It was the largest funeral ever witnessed in Sanpete. Sympathizing friends had come from nearly every town in the county. The coffins were all brought to the meeting house, where all the people had a chance to take a last look at the beautiful flowers, curled before they had budded into man and womanhood. It was a very sad occasion. President Orson Hyde preached the funeral sermon, full of comforting words to the mourners, and instruction to all.

The funeral procession consisted of 100 wagons, preceded by 24 young men, bearing flags and banners; 24 young ladies followed the coffins, bearing a banner with the inscription "In life we loved you, in death we have not forgotten you." Nearly a thousand people went to the graveyard. Our community feels almost stunned by this heavy blow, for though six of those who perished belonged to Mayfield, still they were all raised in this place, and nearly all were born here.

The particulars of the disaster are as follows: An excursion party of about 100 persons from Mayfield and Ephraim had made arrangements to spend Saturday, June 22, at Funck's Lake, eat dinner together, and afterwards drive over to Mayfield, and have a dance in the evening. And as it was known that Prest. Peterson and counselors would hold meetings at Mayfield the next day, the good folks of Mayfield expected to have two festive days.

About 10 a.m. the party arrived at the lake. Funck's Lake is situated about six miles south of Mantle, and is formed by letting part of the water of Six Mile Creek flow through a natural basin in the

mountains. I do not know the size of the lake, but judge it to be about half a mile long and not quite as wide. This spot, surrounded by picturesque mountains, is well chosen for a pleasure ground. Several excursions, both from this place, Mantle and Mayfield, have been made to this lake, and each occasion had been very pleasant to the visitors.

The party soon scattered in merry groups along the west bank of the lake. Some were swinging, some were seated in the bowery listening to music by our string band and by several performers on the organs, others were boating on the lake, the whole forming a picture of real enjoyment. It seemed that the party were determined that grim Care should, for that day at least, be banished from their society.

Boating is something so uncommon in Sanpete—I believe there is only this one boat in the county—that the greater part of the excursionists were eager to take a trip across the lake. When one boatful landed another was ready to start. About one o'clock the boat was again ready to leave the platform, but being overcrowded several grown persons stepped back to give more room to the children, of whom there were seven on board. They steered right out into the middle of the lake, then we felt the wind rising until in a few minutes it became almost a hurricane. Every eye was turned towards the boat which was going north and had the wind on the stern. When the storm struck the boat most of those on board becoming panic-stricken rushed to the bow of the boat sinking that end under the water and lifting the rudder out so that the boat became unmanageable. The storm now blew so furiously that the spray hid the boat for a few moments from our view. Then we saw it again making two fearful plunges. Then a splash, all but two jumping overboard, then the boat capsized. Eleven souls in less than a minute were engulfed in a watery grave. The remaining two were seen to get on the bottom of the boat which slowly drifted towards the north shore.

The scene on shore beggars all description. Mothers frantic with grief, stretched out their arms towards the little ones, and were only prevented by their friends from rushing into the surging water; fathers—strong men—groaning a loud in the greatest anguish. Everything possible to save the drowning was done, but as there was no other boat, and hardly any materials on hand that would float, the exertions were all in vain. Ole Larsen, an expert swimmer, started for the boat when he saw the storm striking it, but had not swam many rods before he was obliged to return to the shore in order to save his own life. The waves were all like breakers; the swimmers could not make calculation how to avoid them. Ole Larsen, though in wet clothes, rendered much assistance in recovering the bodies.

L. C. Larsen got hold of a plank and went clear out to the boat. As long as he had hopes of getting there in time to help the unfortunate, he did not realize the risk he was running himself, but when he got near enough and learned the extent of the disaster, he was nearly paralyzed, and it was hard work for him to reach the shore. Many other brave men ventured out into the water, but as long as the elements were in such a rage, nothing could be done. The two that were saved were Christian Madsen, of Mayfield, and John H. Whitlock, of Ephraim. Both were exhausted and numbed with cold.

About this time President Peterson, H. Beal and Judge Peacock arrived from Six Mile Creek, where they had been locating a new site for the town of Pettyville. They had seen the storm approaching and felt much anxiety in behalf of those at the Lake. President Peterson had the names taken down of those that were drowned, and sent an express to Ephraim and to Mayfield, and called for men to take the boat and search for the bodies. Many brave men offered their services. As soon as the wind abated somewhat they went out and soon reported having seen the bodies within a few feet of one another. A spike was driven into a pole to serve as a hook. They returned bringing five corpses, next five more, and then the remaining one. The bodies were carried to the bowery and laid upon the tables. The scene here was indeed a

sad one. Coroner Beal called a jury which, after hearing the witnesses, returned a verdict that those there lying came to their death by accidental drowning.

Their names are as follows: Oliver Oviatt, of Mayfield, 22 years, and wife Rosabel Oviatt, 17 years. They were a handsome couple and leave a baby a few months old. Bro. Oviatt was a good swimmer, and it is thought that he could have saved himself, but his wife was dearer to him than life. When last seen he was trying his best to save them both, with one arm holding her head above the water, but the task was too great, and both sank together.

Charles Anthon Christensen, of Ephraim, 19 years old. It was a curious coincidence that he should lose his life on the same date that his father died seven years ago. He was esteemed by all who knew him, was a member of our string and brass bands. His partner, Lizzie Anderson, daughter of L. A. Anderson, of Ephraim, was a beautiful girl of 16. Before she went on board the boat she gave his sister her ear rings, asking to be remembered. Charles and Lizzie now rest in the same grave. Lizzie Thomsen, 11 years, daughter of J. Thomsen Ballo, of Ephraim. Malinda Anderson, 11 years old, daughter of Jens Andersen, of Ephraim, now on a mission to Sweden. Henry Jensen, son of Henry Jensen, of Mayfield, 10 years old, the only child left of seven. Sarah Ann Williams, 10 years old, daughter of John Williams, of Mayfield. Abigail Mathilda Stevens, 10 years old, daughter of Joseph Stevens, of Mayfield. George Heber Larsen, nine years old, son of James P. Larsen, of Ephraim. Nora Nielsen, 8 years old, daughter of Christian Nielson, of Mayfield. All were lovely children; many of them were talented in music, reading, etc. All were pupils of the Sunday schools, and special favorites of the teachers. Much could be written of each, but time will not permit.

Some will ask why this boat was allowed to start when a storm was so near. The party were on the east side of steep hills, and hence did not see the approach of the storm until it burst with such fury upon the lake. The same storm passed up through the country, but none understood the mournful requiem it was singing, though at Ephraim it made several hearts anxious, whose dark forebodings were too soon confirmed.

Yours respectfully,
A. H. LUND.

SHORT AND SHARP.

A Leadwood paper mentions the shooting of a saloon-keeper of that city, saying he was "shot twice in the abdomen and once in the barber-shop adjacent."

Let a man, who has been a frightful example of drunkenness, put himself forward as a temperance lecturer, and the tougher and more disgusting stories he tells about his previous character, the more eagerly he is listened to, and the more addled pated ladies exclaim: "He's too nice for anything."

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is not "it" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit" you must throw it off altogether.

"Have you got the lesson to-day?" asked a Sunday school teacher of a pupil, whose head was bandaged up in a couple of inches of red flannel. "No, ma'm," replied the pupil. "Have you got your catechism with you?" asked the teacher. "No, ma'm." "Have you got anything?" again asked the teacher, getting a little impatient. "Yeth ma'm," was the timid reply. "What is it?" "The mumph, ma'm."

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w1f Supt.